

gates of a boatswain. The Englishmen landed at thirty-ninth-st. soon after 9 o'clock. Their straw hats, blue uniforms and yellow leggings robbed them of anything like a martial appearance, but their well-filled satchels gave them a grim and formidable aspect which no amount of good face and padded coats could equal. The other divisions were less prompt, because the transports had to go back for them. Among the last to arrive were the Russians, and when these subjects of the Czar lined up on the thirty-ninth-st. wharf, it became evident that these units of the frozen north would outstep anything else in the parade, for they were all of a height, and over six feet at that.

All along Forty-second-st. there was the bustle of preparation and expectancy. Shifting crowds of spectators worried expostulating policemen. Columns of happy-go-lucky sailors and self-important marines were marching and countermarching to their positions. A score of carriages were drawn up by the ferry-house, waiting for the general officers. Several squads of mounted police trotted up and down under Inspector Conlin and Sergeant Revell, who had more military grandeur up and down the streets of New-York than any man living. The gorgeous red-coated marines from the Blake drew forth little bursts of applause wherever they went. Their portly commanding officer sat upon a big horse, which evidently didn't fully understand the English code of signals, but no serious difficulty occurred. The detachment of American marines, with the famous Marine Band of Washington, were also a star feature of the morning.

GIVING THE ORDER TO MARCH.
Finally, and it was well on toward 11 o'clock, all the detachments of the naval forces were drawn up on each side of Forty-second-st. in their proper places. A magnificent specimen of a mounted officer on an equally magnificent specimen of a horse, who had been trotting up and down the lines, with a stately troop on a thoroughbred behind him as orderly, looked the array over, saw that it was good and the order to march was given.

UP BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH, GIVE THE NAVAL RESERVES OF NEW-YORK AND MASSACHUSETTS drawn up on opposite sides of the street. Their pale faces and white hands were in striking contrast to the bronzed cheeks and brawny fists of the regulation tars. They stood at attention while the rest of the column marched between them. The Massachusetts men had a battery of machine guns and howitzers, and thereby hangs a tale. The wheels of these modern guns were kept on by old-fashioned linchpins and whenever a battery would show a little burst of speed in the effort to form a double column, the iron carriages would bounce over the cobblestones in a way that would pounce the linchpin out and disable the gun-carriage. This was trying to the young officers, but, being true sons of Boston, they used only dictionary words in the emergency.

Before the column started horses had to be provided for a number of the naval officers. A corresponding number of mounted police were requested to get off and walk so the officers could occupy their saddles. This amused the crowd. No one doubted that any one of the officers could work his ship off a lee shore or lead his men out on the yardarm in the most terrific hurricane, but horse navigation is different. The horse's companionship is unlike a ship's, and is much more difficult to mount with a cutlass between one's legs. The policemen good-naturedly took reefs in the stirrups for their guests of the saddle, and showed them how to get a cleave hitch on the reins. After much backing and filling, the horse flotilla bore away on its course up the street. The horses didn't exactly understand it on their part. Some of them made more leeway than headway. There was only one shipwreck, however, and that did not result seriously. One big, black police horse which was being sailed by a lieutenant, who would not tell his name, grew tired of the skipper and started down Fifth-ave. at a twenty-knot speed. The lieutenant wig-wagged to the signal-corps for help as he was born past them, and Lieutenant Mulledge Davis, of that troop of gallant horsemen, responded. At thirty-ninth-st. he came up with the runaway, but just as he grasped the bridle rein both horses went down with a crash. Luckily neither of the men was hurt.

A STRANGE SIGHT FOR NEW-YORKERS.
The march of the sailors was unlike anything New-York ever saw before. It was a long panorama of the highest types of physical prowess. But there was no nonsense. No factitious accessories of any kind were allowed. There were no towering shakos to heighten the effect, no padded shoulders and gleaming cross-belts to accentuate the manly shape, no white gloves and natty marvels of the trousers builders' art. Loose-fitting shirts that half disclosed the brawny neck, shapely hats of straw or canvas, baggy trousers that terminated in yellow leggings whose every wrinkle told of endless cases—these he thy sartorial zeds, O sons of Neptune!

And yet the spring and vigor of ripest manhood were so evident beneath it all, the courage and the hardihood born of a life upon the uncontrolled sea far from the petty uneasiness and cowardice of the land, were so plainly to be read upon every bronzed and honest face that the pale-browed crowds of city men could not help but feel that these men were a new generation that made their clasp their hands and break forth with shouts of half-applauding, half-endorsing import.

First came the United States marines, handsome specimens of that most efficient and deserving, but little praised, arm of the service. Behind them marched the sailor boys of the white warships in the river, their arms ported as they passed the Stars and Stripes of the Naval Reserve. Their ranks were straight as strings. They walked upon the ball of the foot rather than upon the heel, and their footfalls were preserved without the least apparent effort or conscious rigidity.

THE TARTAN'S PET GOAT.
Next came the Englishmen. At the head trotted the mascot of H. M. S. Tartar, a dignified billy-goat with a gorgeous red blanket. His goatship was received with great applause and laughter at every stage of his progress. The English tars were broad, deep-chested chaps, but all the sailor-men were dwarfed by their legions and the boyish set of their garments. The rear of the column was guarded by the marine artillery and the kind in the world. The first had uniforms of rich, dark color, the others wore the flaming red which is synonymous with English military power the world around. The men were tall, and their natty uniforms showed off every inch of stature that nature gave them. It might not have been surprising had some of America's hot-headed citizens by adoption heaved a brick at their hereditary foe, the "red-coat," but only the heartiest applause followed these stately policemen of the sea.

But the Russians were the surprised admiration of the populace. To the tuneful measures of their little brass band they marched, a band of giants that would have gladdened the heart and excited the man-stealing propensities of Frederick the Great. They were simply great. Their white sailor caps with funny little tails of ribbon fluttering out behind could not diminish the simple dignity of that greatness. The Italians also "rushed the season" in the matter of fashion for the head, by coming out with straw hats. They carried their caps horizontally, with their arms depending at their sides, like a sportsman who has struck a rough piece of grouse country. The German ranks were filled with young, sunbrowned men whose faces shined like the sun. They were softened with the thought of the comrades lying dead in their white homes upon the water.

FRANCE'S LARGE CONTINGENT.
France, with her characteristic courtesy, paid her sister republic the compliment of sending a large delegation ashore. The red top-knot, heavy braided and murderous-looking sword bayonets of her men gave her forces a distinctively characteristic appearance.

While the English and the Russian constituted one extreme of the parade, the Argentine Confederation typified the composite nature of her people. In their ranks were men whose faces shined like the sun, and whose thought that characterized the most intellectual youth of

HODGMAN'S MACKINTOSHES

Sensible and Stylish.
BROADWAY,
Cor. Grand St.
21 West 23d St.,
Adl. Fifth Ave. Hotel.

The Massachusetts naval militia, while shoulder to shoulder with these marched the thick-lipped Nubian type. The Latin and the Saxon, the Celt and the Mongolian, all were there. Last of the naval column came the Brazilian thunders. The band of music that headed their detachment was black as the fringing sides of their formidable battleship. In every rank the negro predominated.

From start to finish the line of march was watched in tip-top to see what manner of men these were who came from every corner of the globe to make a Yankee holiday. The police struggled with the pushing multitude to preserve both the evenness of the lines and their recently acquired reputation of "uniformed gentlemen," and they were eminently successful in both attempts.

From the time Governor Flower's smiling face illumined each specific locality, till Captain Wendell's educated charger amused its denizens, there was a time space of an hour and a half. The head of the column reached the City Hall about 1:20 p. m. Below that point the parade dispersed, the regiments returning to their armories, the sailors re-embarking for their ships.

GAY SCENES ALONG THE RIVER

THOUSANDS GO TO SEE THE WARSHIPS.

CRAFT OF EVERY DESCRIPTION UP THE HUDSON—PAYING OFFICIAL COURTESIES.

Until the azure of an April sky blended into the vermilion hues of sunset and the long afternoon were away, the North River was yesterday gay with craft, and the Palisades gave back the echo of mighty guns. Between the towering cliffs on one side and the high buildings on the other the river lay like a narrow vale. From the heights and from the level shores thousands of people looked down upon the long lines of vessels which stretched as far as the eye could reach. All the afternoon there were skillful pinnacles as the captains of the different vessels visited each other, and several times the guns of foreign men-of-war sounded explosive welcomes. The river was teeming with life and brilliant with color. From masts and spars bright-colored pennants and flags fluttered in the April breeze and the white steam

launched chimed over the water flinging astern bits of gay hunting, which looked like brilliant batteries flitting over the shimmering water. Under the skies of spring and resting upon a rippling stream which danced in the sunlight and reflected the hues of turquoise and the gleam of crystal, the mighty ships lay at anchor. Upon their decks men moved about, and sometimes the gleaming masts of a great vessel could be seen.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Hood's Cures

launched chimed over the water flinging astern bits of gay hunting, which looked like brilliant batteries flitting over the shimmering water. Under the skies of spring and resting upon a rippling stream which danced in the sunlight and reflected the hues of turquoise and the gleam of crystal, the mighty ships lay at anchor. Upon their decks men moved about, and sometimes the gleaming masts of a great vessel could be seen.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Mr. Wm. Erick

West Duluth, Minn.

Saved From the Grave

Sorfula in Face and Neck—Blind at Times

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restored Health—Gained 33 Pounds in Weight.

"I have been a very great sufferer from a serious case of sorfula. First, a large lump came in my neck growing as big as a good-sized apple. It was as hard as bone, and after drawing it to a head the doctor lanced it, and for two years it was

A RUNNING SORE.

Then we succeeded in healing it up, but the disease began to appear in my face, which would swell up and affect my eyes. Every morning they were so inflamed and swollen that I was blind. The swelling would subside in the middle of the afternoon so that I could see a little. Well, I was in this condition for about a year. I went to every physician in my town, all of whom

Hood's Cures

told to help me, and said nothing could be done to cure me. But I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when I had used a bottle and a half the swelling in my face had entirely gone down. I kept on taking the medicine, and gained 33 pounds in weight.

I Have Been Perfectly Cured
I am now in good health, and confidently say Hood's Sarsaparilla saved me from the grave. Today I am looking as stout and hearty as ever in my life." WM. ERICK, West Duluth, Minn.

HODG'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

quests. All afternoon the fleet of screaming tugs and steamers moved up and down between the banks of the Hudson. Every craft was bedecked and bedecked with flags and banners of the most gorgeous kind. There were hundreds of people, laughing and chatting, all unconscious of the fact that the strings of bunting which floated over them were saying the most horrible things. The signal flags over one trim little steamer were loudly proclaiming in bunting talk that the vessel was sinking, that there was famine on board, that the engines were disabled, that the officers on board the foreign men-of-war gazed at the display of signals, pointed and gesticulated and burst into uproarious laughter. It was a gayly dressed caravan, the vessels which carried the excursion parties. They flew signals of distress side by side with the flags of Ireland and Germany, and bits of bunting bearing figures unlike anything seen on the earth or in the firmament. It was a happy, laughing crowd of spectators which thronged the docks of the steamers. The sightseers cheered the warships, shouted

one who wanted to go aboard her was welcome; it was only necessary to be taken across the water. Visitors were her masters. They roamed about her decks, above and below, peering into Columbus's own cabin, saw the bed he slept in, the chair where he sat, the chair he used, went forward, where he stood when he gazed for the first time on the New World; went aft, and, looking down the river to the two lines of battleship, thought of the changes time-brings.

A pretty girl in a red dress and a jaunty sailor hat sat on the rail in the bow of the Santa Maria, talking to her companion yesterday afternoon. A Tribune reporter overheard her say: "I should like to stay right here all summer."

The lieutenant, Garrett May, at Ninety-fifth-st., said that he had never seen so many people who wanted to go aboard a boat in all his life and he had been a boatman thirty years—had gone out to the harbor, Santa Maria from his dock. Fifty cents was charged for the round trip. One lieutenant made hourly trips around the fleet from this wharf, carrying forty people each trip. She was little only long enough to load and unload her passengers, and so great was the desire to make the trip that police had to be called to keep the crowds from the boats.

Just below the Ninety-fifth-st. landing is the Hudson River Yacht Club house. Private boats put out for the fleet from that landing frequently.

At Ninety-fifth-st. are the docks of the Canada & Kane Coal Company, and there it is that the launches from the ships forming the head of the fleet find their officers and crews. The ships lying off Riverside, the Philadelphia, Newark, Albany, Fluky, Australia and Magdalen, were not open for general visiting yesterday. Callers were not permitted at all on the Philadelphia, the Newark, the Fluky or the Australia. The Atlanta received a visitor now and then, but calling was not general. The Magdalen received a lady from her gangway and contents in showing the visitors about the ship.

The entire United States squadron will be open to visitors today from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. The same rule will be observed on most of the other men-of-war. Men will be detailed to show visitors

the officers of the Van Speyk, Admiral Gherardi and staff and General Schofield and his staff are expected to be present. Some of those who will respond to the summons are: General M. Depey, Warner Van Speyk, General E. C. Van Alen, the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke and George G. De Witt.

THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN OF PARADEERS
For 25 cents the sightseer could have a ride and a view of the show. Besides, there were philanthropic men who took people out to the vessels in rowboats and made remarks about the roughness of the sea and the perils of the deep when the light craft were in midstream.

The card-receivers of the floating homes of the naval officers were not all displayed yesterday. It was a day more devoted to official visits, and there was not a general reception of visitors. Of course, there were many friends of the officers, who went out in the river in steam launches. Many of them were acquaintances of the young lieutenants and lieutenants, whose acquaintanceship dated back from the time when the ancient clinics of the international fleet were let slip at Hampton Roads, not far away from a winter resort noted for its pretty girls. It is nobody's business what they talked about as the swift launches bore them over the rippling, gleaming river. It might have been of these halcyon days at Fort Monroe, of the ball of the evening before, or it might have been of the latest news, which made the unsympathetic boatswains chuckle.

Late in the afternoon Vice Admiral Hopkins visited the Brazilian flagship, and was received with the salute to which his rank entitled him. A few moments later the Brazilian Minister, Mr. Monteiro, accompanied by a number of attaches, was welcomed on board the cruiser and again the great guns burst forth in a noisy greeting. The crowd of sightseers watched the clouds of smoke and the flashes of fire, and cheered the Brazilian Minister and his party as they came back from their visit.

THE THOUSANDS VISIT THE SANTA MARIA.
BOATMEN REAP A HARVEST CARRYING PEOPLE TO THE CAVALRY.
That part of Manhattan Island which borders on the Hudson between Twenty-second-st. and Ninety-eighth-st. has never been so much of an objective point to those who drive or walk or go to see what there is to see in New-York than at the present time. Thousands and thousands of people passed up and down the Riverside Drive yesterday. All of them were resting quietly there at anchor, and most of them thought: "What a pity that yesterday was not as today, warm and springlike."

The ships of war, viewed from the banks of the Hudson on such a day as yesterday, make a sight impressive and peaceful. They stretch away down the river in stately lines, silently floating their countries' colors. At their head ride the queer old caravels of Columbus. Countless boats of all sizes and conditions pass and repass, while from the shore a wonderful, admiring throng gazes on the scene with all the delight that a new and grand picture inspires. The rain of Thursday had made the Riverside banks fresh and green, and all day long children ran about while parents sat and watched, long looking at the fleet of ships before them, bringing the thought of war, and then at their children playing on the green, and with them the thought of peace. The smooth highway was thronged with carriages from early morning until sundown. Vehicles of all descriptions wheeled by, but chiefly they carried a footman. Now and then a coaching party drew all eyes from the river, or a number of bicycle riders attracted attention, while on the broad walk alongside a stream of pedestrians flowed constantly.

A few early morning visitors to the Drives saw the launches of the warships put off for shore, towing their hostesses of marines, a sight worth seeing; but it was not until afternoon, when the crowds came upon from the parade, that Riverside Park was at its liveliest. The caravels, of all the fleet anchored in the Hudson, attract the most attention from sightseers. There is an odd fascination about them, a feeling of reverence for the men who dared to sail the seas to an unknown land in such craft, a wonder and admiration for him. Over 5,000 people boarded the Santa Maria yesterday. The Fluky and the Nina were not receiving. From the landing at the foot of Ninety-eighth and Ninety-third sts. steam launches and small rowboats formed almost a pontoon bridge between the shore and the famed caravel. Every

launched chimed over the water flinging astern bits of gay hunting, which looked like brilliant batteries flitting over the shimmering water. Under the skies of spring and resting upon a rippling stream which danced in the sunlight and reflected the hues of turquoise and the gleam of crystal, the mighty ships lay at anchor. Upon their decks men moved about, and sometimes the gleaming masts of a great vessel could be seen.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Johnannis.

"King of Natural Table Waters."

"As a pleasant, palatable drink it is unquestionably preferable to others."

—London Court Circular.

one who wanted to go aboard her was welcome; it was only necessary to be taken across the water. Visitors were her masters. They roamed about her decks, above and below, peering into Columbus's own cabin, saw the bed he slept in, the chair where he sat, the chair he used, went forward, where he stood when he gazed for the first time on the New World; went aft, and, looking down the river to the two lines of battleship, thought of the changes time-brings.

A pretty girl in a red dress and a jaunty sailor hat sat on the rail in the bow of the Santa Maria, talking to her companion yesterday afternoon. A Tribune reporter overheard her say: "I should like to stay right here all summer."

The lieutenant, Garrett May, at Ninety-fifth-st., said that he had never seen so many people who wanted to go aboard a boat in all his life and he had been a boatman thirty years—had gone out to the harbor, Santa Maria from his dock. Fifty cents was charged for the round trip. One lieutenant made hourly trips around the fleet from this wharf, carrying forty people each trip. She was little only long enough to load and unload her passengers, and so great was the desire to make the trip that police had to be called to keep the crowds from the boats.

Just below the Ninety-fifth-st. landing is the Hudson River Yacht Club house. Private boats put out for the fleet from that landing frequently.

At Ninety-fifth-st. are the docks of the Canada & Kane Coal Company, and there it is that the launches from the ships forming the head of the fleet find their officers and crews. The ships lying off Riverside, the Philadelphia, Newark, Albany, Fluky, Australia and Magdalen, were not open for general visiting yesterday. Callers were not permitted at all on the Philadelphia, the Newark, the Fluky or the Australia. The Atlanta received a visitor now and then, but calling was not general. The Magdalen received a lady from her gangway and contents in showing the visitors about the ship.

The entire United States squadron will be open to visitors today from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. The same rule will be observed on most of the other men-of-war. Men will be detailed to show visitors

the officers of the Van Speyk, Admiral Gherardi and staff and General Schofield and his staff are expected to be present. Some of those who will respond to the summons are: General M. Depey, Warner Van Speyk, General E. C. Van Alen, the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke and George G. De Witt.

THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN OF PARADEERS
For 25 cents the sightseer could have a ride and a view of the show. Besides, there were philanthropic men who took people out to the vessels in rowboats and made remarks about the roughness of the sea and the perils of the deep when the light craft were in midstream.

The card-receivers of the floating homes of the naval officers were not all displayed yesterday. It was a day more devoted to official visits, and there was not a general reception of visitors. Of course, there were many friends of the officers, who went out in the river in steam launches. Many of them were acquaintances of the young lieutenants and lieutenants, whose acquaintanceship dated back from the time when the ancient clinics of the international fleet were let slip at Hampton Roads, not far away from a winter resort noted for its pretty girls. It is nobody's business what they talked about as the swift launches bore them over the rippling, gleaming river. It might have been of these halcyon days at Fort Monroe, of the ball of the evening before, or it might have been of the latest news, which made the unsympathetic boatswains chuckle.

Late in the afternoon Vice Admiral Hopkins visited the Brazilian flagship, and was received with the salute to which his rank entitled him. A few moments later the Brazilian Minister, Mr. Monteiro, accompanied by a number of attaches, was welcomed on board the cruiser and again the great guns burst forth in a noisy greeting. The crowd of sightseers watched the clouds of smoke and the flashes of fire, and cheered the Brazilian Minister and his party as they came back from their visit.

THE THOUSANDS VISIT THE SANTA MARIA.
BOATMEN REAP A HARVEST CARRYING PEOPLE TO THE CAVALRY.
That part of Manhattan Island which borders on the Hudson between Twenty-second-st. and Ninety-eighth-st. has never been so much of an objective point to those who drive or walk or go to see what there is to see in New-York than at the present time. Thousands and thousands of people passed up and down the Riverside Drive yesterday. All of them were resting quietly there at anchor, and most of them thought: "What a pity that yesterday was not as today, warm and springlike."

The ships of war, viewed from the banks of the Hudson on such a day as yesterday, make a sight impressive and peaceful. They stretch away down the river in stately lines, silently floating their countries' colors. At their head ride the queer old caravels of Columbus. Countless boats of all sizes and conditions pass and repass, while from the shore a wonderful, admiring throng gazes on the scene with all the delight that a new and grand picture inspires. The rain of Thursday had made the Riverside banks fresh and green, and all day long children ran about while parents sat and watched, long looking at the fleet of ships before them, bringing the thought of war, and then at their children playing on the green, and with them the thought of peace. The smooth highway was thronged with carriages from early morning until sundown. Vehicles of all descriptions wheeled by, but chiefly they carried a footman. Now and then a coaching party drew all eyes from the river, or a number of bicycle riders attracted attention, while on the broad walk alongside a stream of pedestrians flowed constantly.

A few early morning visitors to the Drives saw the launches of the warships put off for shore, towing their hostesses of marines, a sight worth seeing; but it was not until afternoon, when the crowds came upon from the parade, that Riverside Park was at its liveliest. The caravels, of all the fleet anchored in the Hudson, attract the most attention from sightseers. There is an odd fascination about them, a feeling of reverence for the men who dared to sail the seas to an unknown land in such craft, a wonder and admiration for him. Over 5,000 people boarded the Santa Maria yesterday. The Fluky and the Nina were not receiving. From the landing at the foot of Ninety-eighth and Ninety-third sts. steam launches and small rowboats formed almost a pontoon bridge between the shore and the famed caravel. Every

launched chimed over the water flinging astern bits of gay hunting, which looked like brilliant batteries flitting over the shimmering water. Under the skies of spring and resting upon a rippling stream which danced in the sunlight and reflected the hues of turquoise and the gleam of crystal, the mighty ships lay at anchor. Upon their decks men moved about, and sometimes the gleaming masts of a great vessel could be seen.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be on duty yesterday. There were big river and sound steamers, whose once white sides were streaked and blackened, and vessels which on other occasions have served to take luckless fishermen on their bootless expeditions.

Loaded to the water's edge and creeping slowly between the two lines of sea-fortresses, were hundreds of boats and barges. Every tug, barge, scow, shift, painter and dory about the harbor seemed to be